

THE COMET.

N. C. T. LOVE, Publisher.
ROBT. L. TAYLOR, Editor.
ROBT. BURROW, Jr.

Johnson City, Tenn., March 22, 1884.

Samuel J. Tilden.

The eyes of the democracy toward the nation are turned toward Samuel J. Tilden, the great patriot whom the people elected in 1876, by a quarter of a million majority, but who by the monumental crime of our political history, was shut out from the presidential mansion. Though the fact can not be concealed that his body is feeble and frail with old age yet "the mental jewel is clear and undimmed." His name has more power today than any other in the Union. His nomination, with Hendricks for vice President, would unite the party and if he should die even before his inauguration, Hendricks who is now in the full vigor of mental and physical manhood could take his place and safely wield the helm of state.

There are twelve thousand brave men in the twelve eastern counties of Tennessee who have thrice rallied around us when we bore the banner of democracy in the shadows of the mountains and proclaimed its pure principles in the caves and valleys from Johnson to Claiborne, and in the face of 4000 republican majority. There are thousands of hearts outside of the limits of the first Congressional District friendly to us, therefore, let brainless critics fling, and one-horse correspondents sling, THE COMET will "fiddle and sing" and the merry bells it will ring until Tilden is president, and Bate is the next governor. And a long time after.

John Kelly is talked of for Mayor of New York. The democracy of the metropolis will have to do something with Tammany's great leader in order to make him pull, next fall. There is no use in attempting to conceal the fact that John Kelly is a power in the party for weal or for woe. Witness the painful past.

The Jonesboro correspondent, "T," to the *Knoxville Tribune* says: "Bob Taylor's new paper, The Comet, published at Johnson City, made its appearance on our streets to-day. It is a good Democratic paper if one or two indecent paragraphs had been omitted. It is thought that The Comet will come to the rescue and combat brother Al Taylor for Congress on the Republican ticket."

"Indecent paragraphs!" Poor fellow! such exquisitely delicate feelings! such excretingly tender sensibilities! the sighing of zephyrs through Eolian harps, the touch of tapering fingers on sweet guitars in orange bowers; the hum of honeybees; the songs and laughter of dimpled children in grassy dells; where tinted butterflies hang on snowy blossoms; soft music like "the faint exquisite music of dream," sweet friends who never said a harsher word than love; marble palaces, freecold walls, velvet carpets, soft divans, lovely maidens, green parks, bubbling brooks, bright gazelles, sighs, tears, sentiment, innocent words and holy thoughts, have no doubt charmed his immaculate life. No wonder then, that the words of common men fall so harshly on his delicate tympanum. No wonder the "paragraphs" clipped from the *Knoxville Tribune* and the periodicals, seem indecent to this gentle Oscar Wild.

"I could brain him With his lady's fan."

To that part of the letter which discusses the probability of THE COMET booming republicans and the republican ticket we have only to say that its editors have always stuck closer to the democratic party and its nominees than the dutiful prophet who is so anxious to brand our paper indecent and our intentions republican.

This Cruel World.

If a man dares to push forward in life, if he tries to be a man, envy will ride, and scorn him, and spit in his face, jealousy will put a crown of thorns on his head and prejudice will endeavor to crucify him.

There are too many minds like hard organs, only propelled by the crank of custom. If some genius comes along with a harp the organ grinders will cry "Innovator!" "Visionary!" and try to starve him from the streets of consideration with abuse hypocritically hurled in the name of truth. And then after he is dead they will pick up his harp and go into ecstasies over the beauty of his songs. Inventors have died in dungeons and hovels; philosophers have been tortured and murdered; poets, homeless themselves, have sung of "Home sweet home." If statesmen have dared to be just if they have scorned to pander to public opinion they have been scandalized and persecuted and assassinated or hurried from power followed by the hisses and groans of whole nations. The life of the good and great is a life of sacrifice and the roses to decorate their graves.

The *Knoxville Chronicle* thinks our editorial page is "thin" because we are for pure merit in office, and finally because we are for heaven for future reward, and hell for punishment. We are not surprised at this thin criticism from the gallant ex-Confederate knowing as we do that

he is not for Bate because he (Bate) is a pure man. He is not for hell for punishment for the reason that such a place is against his interest. Speaking of "thin" things, the outside world thinks the *Chronicle's* editor ought to walk in flannel socks on that subject. THE COMET will make it so "thin" before the ides of November next that it will be difficult for whitewashed rebels to breathe. Com et us again.

Truth.

How beautiful, how glorious is truth! She is the prime minister of almighty God and the executor of his immutable laws. She spreads abroad throughout his boundless realms the light from his eternal throne against whose searching powers no lie can stand, nor all the powers of darkness prevail. Her glory fills the earth—God intends that the lives of men shall reflect her image, that their hearts shall be her temples and their lips her oracles.

The *Knoxville Chronicle* editor or printer, we know not which, in quoting our salutary makes us say "we make our political bow." We said no such thing. We said "our political bow three times in the first Congressional District and the poor blind radicals, could not see it. We have quit bowing, therefore, in that capacity. We bow now only to our subscribers and friends, and to the will of the majority—and you know Mr. Chronicle that that is a quarter of a million democratic in the Nation and forty thousand in Tennessee.

What They Say About "The Comet."

The first number of "The Comet," a new paper started at Johnson City, is on our table. It is neatly printed and presents a good appearance. It is edited by Hon. R. L. Taylor and Robt. Burrow. We wish it much success. *Greenville Herald.*

The Johnson City "Comet," found its way to our office last week. It is a neat 28 column paper, filled with good matter, both original and selections. The local department was full of choice news. The workmanship, and general make-up was very good, and all in it is very creditable to both editors and printers. Our thanks to you gentlemen, for financial success. *Johnson City Enterprise.*

The Comet.—We have received the initial number of the above named paper, published at Johnson City, E. Tenn. Messrs. R. L. Taylor and Robert Burrow, editors, and N. C. T. Love publisher. It is well gotten up, neatly printed and contains four pages, seven columns each. It is a spicy paper, worthy the enterprising town in which it is published. In politics it is democratic. *Bristol News.*

The "Comet," Johnson City's new paper made its appearance on our table Saturday morning last. It is bright and new, and if its local department is as well-filled in the future as the present number suggests it will be, the "Comet" will prove a decided success—profitable to its proprietors and satisfactory to its readers. It is democratic in politics, orthodox in religion, believes in heaven for the good and hell for the bad, and if it has come to stay, (having thrown down the gauntlet of war to the old man of the Herald and Tribune), will soon have a harem of a time of it. Go it, boys. *Jonesboro Journal.*

Look For "The Comet!"—The new paper at Johnson City, by R. L. Taylor and Robert Burrow, editors, and N. C. T. Love, publisher, came to town on Saturday. It is entitled "The Comet." It makes a good appearance, and is distinguished for the shortest salutation we ever read. In politics, democratic; in religion, orthodox; for pure men in high places, [amen]; for the galleys and penitentiary for criminals; for heaven for future reward, and [the place way down below] for punishment. It is light and lively; gay and festive, and will thereby take mightily with a class. The local department, which tells in favor of a county paper, is full, and if kept up will prove of interest to its readers. *Jonesboro Herald and Tribune.*

The President's Costly State Dinners.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—The President expects to give one more State dinner this season, and after Lent one general reception. The custom he has set of inviting all the members of Congress to a dinner once a year, while very agreeable to members, has been rather a costly one. The dinner thus far given have cost over \$5,000, or more than one-tenth of the yearly salary. Only two members have declined to attend these dinners. One was Senator Riddleberger. He declined because he received word that his brother's children were sick and he expected to go to his brother's at once. Congressman Frank Hurd declined on account of imperative business on that day. The President understands fully that no snub was intended, as has been reported.

Bismark Invites Sargent to a Dinner.

BERLIN, March 16.—Mr. Sargent, the United States Minister, has accepted from Prince Bismark an invitation to a dinner to be given on the 22d inst. in honor of the eighty-seventh anniversary of the birthday of Emperor William.

Explosion at The Pocahontas Mines.

The Pocahontas coal mine explosion, perhaps exalts in the magnitude of its horrible fatality any within the annals of the United States. The number of lives lost is said to be 164, of whom 52 were white and 102 blacks. Of all the men who were in the mine at the fatal midnight hour between Wednesday and Thursday not one escaped. Death was doubtless as instantaneous as it was complete in numbers. Perhaps all the whites were foreigners and some 35 of them leave families, none of whom can speak the English tongue. They are left without support in a strange land. The company has taken commendable means to supply their present necessities. Many of the colored men doubtless leave families also. There are conflicting accounts as to their having been premonitory symptoms of gas, but it is not likely that such would have been disregarded experienced miners of whom there were very many. Only eight bodies have recovered and it is not likely that any more will be, as the superabundant earth was thrown upward and then settled back, leaving probably space enough only to facilitate the cremation of the vast array of bodies which a few moments previous had walked into a common sepulchre. The power of the explosion is of course inconceivable, and is but feebly demonstrated by the dust and few articles which were shot from that huge excavation half a mile deep, as from some cannon of immeasurable size. The theory that the point of ignition was far toward the interior limit of the mine is supported by the fact that none of the bodies were blown outside, and the fact that the floor of the mine gradually ascended from the entrance makes more difficult the solution of the cause of the gas. The disastrous effect of this unexpectable horror may be even more far reaching than can be implied from the mere holocaust which accompanied it.

The mine is on fire and though it has been promptly sealed, there is really no assurance that the fire can be extinguished at all. It may continue to burn for many years, as some are now burning in Pennsylvania and have been for more than ten years. If this should prove true the company may have to abandon this mine and push its road some miles further down Bluestone, and Pocahontas become an abandoned mining town. It is however to be hoped this may not become true. At present there is no likelihood that the 164 dead bodies will ever be rescued from the subterranean fires, and the chances are they will be burned to ashes and have as the common monument the wood-covered hill which there marks the base of the great Flat Top mountain. *Bristol News.*

POLK IS DEAD.

Testimony of Leading Citizens of Nashville.

NASHVILLE, March 18.—The World this morning publishes the following card:

We see by your paper of Sunday morning a sensational article copied from the Bowling Green, Kentucky Times, in regard to the late Col. M. T. Polk, some person by the name of Westbrook claiming to have seen Col. Polk in Texas alive and well. We hereby brand the statement made by this person as absolutely false. For the sake of humanity and truth, and for the sake of his heart broken wife and children we make this statement. We, the undersigned, with many others saw Col. Polk's remains after his death, aided in putting them in the hearse and delivering them to the authorities of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad for shipment to Bolivar, and hereby state most positively that he is dead.

Albert B. Tavel, T. D. Craighead, Hugh McCrea, Geo. W. Far, D. W. Paschall, B. Lanair, W. M. Duncan, Jo. F. Ford, Jas. L. Gains, J. W. Mad-din, M. D.

I was called on by the family of Mr. Polk to take charge of and prepare the remains of Col. Marsh T. Polk for burial, which I did, and had them in charge for twenty-four hours after his death and then shipped to Bolivar, and can fully corroborate the statement made by the gentlemen above.

W. R. Cornelious, Undertaker.

The Lasker Resolutions.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—The sub-committee of the House committee on foreign affairs yesterday considered the Lasker resolution. The action of the sub-committee will be submitted to the full committee Monday. The resolutions as agreed upon state in effect that the action of the House of Representatives was simply an expression of sympathy with the German people in their great loss, and that the House has no concern with those relations between the legislative and executive branches of the German government which prevented that expression of sympathy from reaching the body to which it was addressed.

A Miniature Jeanette.

QUEENSTOWN, March 7.—The remains of Jerome Collins are to be escorted to Cork by a guard of honor, consisting of fifty blue jackets, officers and privates. A model of the Jeanette, ice bound, was landed with the coffin, the latter wrapped in the American flag.

A Reminiscence of Parepa Rosa.

The season of music was closing. Satiated with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her far wrap around her shivering form, and stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage when "Pleasant, mi ladi," in low pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunk form of a street-singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gaslight, though pale and pinched, was as delicately out as a cameo, while the eager, wistful light in the great, brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well," said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity. "Would mi ladi please?" In sweet broken English, and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart.

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was his answer. Taking the flower Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in these soft, dark eyes aflame, and in the sobbing, broken words, "Mi ladi, oh, mi ladi, I could die!"

"Child," and her voice trembled, "meet me here to-morrow at 5," and holding the lily carefully to her cheek she stepped into her carriage and was driven away. It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords, and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook, and a look so rapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. Then the wondrous voice trailed softly, like the faint sound of bugles in the early morn; again its sweetness stole over you like the distant chiming of vespers bells. Encore after encore followed. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause, and at the first pause, sweeping with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood as well as by the power of her sublime voice, she stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad with the refrain of "Farewell, sweet land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in the great house at the close, then a shout went out that shook the mighty pillars. A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, "the boy violinist," and they call him to play before princes. Parepa Rosa! God called thee in thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts, and at the last great day it shall be written in shining letters on thy name: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Counterfeit Money.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department reports that it is believed that counterfeiters are concerting measures to simultaneously pass upon the public, especially in the cities of the South and West, a twenty dollar silver certificate. A sample of the same has just been received at the office of the Secret Service Division. The issue is of the series of 1880, Joseph Gillilan, Treasurer of the United States. The paper is thick, greasy and stiff. The note is one eighth of an inch shorter than the genuine. There is no distributed fiber or parallel silk threads in the paper as in the genuine words "silver certificate" appear in the panels twice in the upper border and face of the note in the panel to the left. In the counterfeit the letters R T and F in the word certificate are engraved wrong side up. In the counterfeit there are no periods dividing the initials in B. K. Bruce, the registers signature on the lower left corner, the check letter C is without an accompanying number, and in the name of Gillilan only first. The "I" is dotted on the back of the note, and the word taxes is plainly spelled "taxes," and the word engraved is spelled "engroved." The color of the seal is brick red, it should be verging on brown. The foregoing salient points if carefully noticed, will for the present protect the public. While the notes should not deceive careful handlers of money, especially when the geometric lattice work is examined, yet among the hurried and careless, because of its face appreciable, it may work great damage.

Ten Million Car Wheels.

"There are more than 10,000,000 iron car wheels in use on American railroads," said the master mechanic of one of the trunk lines, "and it requires about 525 pounds of pig iron to make one wheel. About 1,250,000 wheels are worn out every year, and the same number of new ones must be made to take their places. The iron men are called upon for only a small proportion of the 312,500 tons of material required for these new wheels, however, for nearly 290,000 tons are supplied by the worn-out wheels themselves. Formerly the life of a car wheel was estimated at eight years, but the reduction of the railroads generally to the standard gauge, and the improvements in loading and unloading facilities, have materially decreased the service that a wheel may be depended on to perform. The uniformity in gauge keeps cars in more continuous use, while the decrease in time in loading and unloading enables them to be put to more active service even where they are run only on short local routes.

"These figures do not include the wheels on palace coaches and the better class of passenger coaches. The wheels on that grade of rolling stock are now made almost exclusively of paper. They are as serviceable as iron, and combine lightness with strength, a great desideratum where speed and economy in motive power are of paramount importance."

MONEY FOUND.

The Sheriff Attaches a Safe in the Railroad Office.

A few days ago the TRIBUNE announced that Sheriff Gilmore had returned unsatisfied an execution for \$12,000 which he held against the East Tennessee, Virginia, & Georgia Railroad in favor of Mrs. Tennie Guley. He found all the property of the railroad covered with mortgages, and was compelled to return the papers with "no property found."

But there is a prospect of something lively in the case yet. Sheriff Gilmore has taken somebody by surprise, and has attached the large safe in the office of the Treasurer of the East Tennessee Virginia and Georgia railroad in this city.

There is a large sum of money in the safe, probably several times the amount necessary to satisfy this judgment. It is well known that the money of the railroad is never deposited in a bank lest it should be secured by garnishment to parties who hold judgments against the road.

We are curious to know how the Sheriff will manage to get the money out of that safe, as the treasurer alone can open the safe. *Knoxville Tribune.*

Virginia Democracy.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., March 20.—The Democratic State Central Committee to day resolved to call a convention at Richmond on the 14th of May.

The following resolutions were adopted: "Resolved, that the Democratic State Committee have observed with grave concern the division threatening the Democratic party of the country upon the tariff, and feel at liberty to express their opinion individually that the agitation of this question at this period is unwise and should be discouraged, and that all Democrats should subordinate all differences in concentration upon the one great issue of the reform of the government and its restoration to purity and true constitutional principles."

Resolved, that the State Committee earnestly urge the Virginia Democratic delegation in Congress to use all possible diligence to bring before the Danville Investigating Committee, evidence, which is necessary to refute the foul and infamous slanders which have been given to the public by the leaders of the coalition party in reference to this matter and that this Committee authorize their Chairman to retain the services of such counsel as he may deem necessary in the premises.

The very decisive action of the House of Representatives in putting a quietus on the bill to grant a pension of \$2,500 per annum to the grand-daughter of Thos. Jefferson indicates that there is no immediate prospect, as has been feared, of the inauguration of an extended civil pension list in this country. The House expressed its disapproval of the measure by a vote of more than two to one, and some of the strongest arguments made against the measure came from Southern members. The danger of setting such a precedent as was involved in the passage of the bill was aptly set forth. It would inevitably lead, it was contended, to applications for pensions from the descendants of all other Presidents and the door once opened, the end would be a civil pension list rivaling in numerous proportions that of Great Britain. Several of the speakers said that Jefferson would raise his voice against the establishment of such a principle.

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

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Blaine Trying to Kill Off Edmunds.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—It is a curious fact that the friends of James G. Blaine, including Blaine himself, are originating and circulating stories calculated to injure whatever chance Edmunds might have for the Presidential nomination. As Blaine and his Washington friends say that Blaine will not be a candidate, it is supposed that this kind of canvassing is done in the interest of some other candidate.

Bishop Kavanaugh Dead.

New Orleans, March 19.—A special dispatch from Columbus, Miss., to the Times-Democrat announces the death there, this a. m., of Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at the age of 83. His remains will be taken to Louisville.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 18.—In the suit of Miss Hall vs. Senator Sharon, yesterday the plaintiff testified that the defendant said that if she would give him a paper of release he "would give me \$10,000, and \$500 a month allowance but I refused."

LYNCHBURG, VA., MARCH 18.—A telegram from Pocahontas states that there are no new developments concerning the recent mine disaster, except that instead of trying to smother the fire it has been determined to flood the mine. Harrowing reports of destitution among the families of the victims are denied by a representative of the company here. Those killed were nearly all single men, there being only eight families in Pocahontas suffering by reason of the explosion, and not many elsewhere.

NEW ORLEANS, March 18.—The river here rose five inches during the past 24 hours, and it is at the high water mark of 1874. The rain continues with occasional heavy showers. High wind prevails and the weather is unfavorable for the levees. A small break occurred in the Carrollton levee to-day, but it was soon closed.

The absence of all surgical attendants in the field does not add to the satisfaction of service in the Chinese army. The theory advanced to explain that brutality is not so much a callous indifference to human life as a superstition, akin to that of "the peculiar people," who refuse all medical aid to their children. The man who gets a bad wound is looked upon as one whom the gods mean to die. For a like cause the Chinese are reluctant to rescue the drowning.

The excitement at revival meetings goes on. Fenton Williams, a young convert at a revival in New Haven, Ind., became so much excited by the praying and speaking that he suddenly jumped upon his chair, and, drawing a pistol from his pocket, held his left hand aloft and put four bullets through it before he could be disarmed. He afterwards said that he had no idea where he was or what he was doing at the time.

A Californian planted a eucalyptus tree in his yard ten years ago. For seven years he noticed no improvement nor growth. At the end of that time however, the tree shot up rapidly. Recently, while cleaning his well, he found the bottom matted with eucalyptus roots, which had forced their way through the brick wall of the well so as to get at the water. The well was fifty-five feet distant from the spot where the tree stood above ground.

The first vessel in the Greely relief expedition will probably sail about the first of May. This expedition will be watched with great interest, for it is extremely doubtful whether Lieutenant Greely will be found alive or not. He has been absent a long time with no tidings from him. One expedition for his relief has gone out and returned without finding him, and the worst is to be feared from the new attempt.

The largest bell in the world is now said to be at Kioto, Japan. It is twenty-four feet high and sixteen inches thick at the rim. It is sounded by a suspended piece of wood, like a battering ram, which strikes it on the outside, and its booming can be heard for miles.

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The WEEKLY TIMES is altogether different from the weekly newspaper of yesterday. The day of those papers is gone by. The telegraph and better local newspapers everywhere, especially in the thriving centers of rural population, have made the old weekly metropolitan newspaper unsatisfactory. Those that cling to their ancient usages have lost their hold on our forward-moving people; they are but shadows of their former greatness, and they have but a shadow of their former power. These papers have lost their usefulness, but it is gone, and, with it, they are going too. It was not the fault of the papers; it was the improvement of the country that brought about the change. Men and women, wherever they live, now require fresher news, and they require more than news.

THE WEEKLY TIMES gathers of the news of every passing week whatever has lasting interest to people at large, and sets it before them in such generosity of paper and print as may have astonished us all twenty years ago.

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